

Literary News and Criticism

A Pleasant Sheaf of Fresh Summer Fiction.

THE WIDOW TRIUMPHANT. MRS. THOMPSON. A Novel. By W. B. Maxwell. 12mo. Pp. 286. D. Appleton & Co.

The Scriptural quotation prefixed to Mrs. Maxwell's book is magnificently justified by his heroine. "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates," it runs, and Mrs. Thompson abundantly shows her ability to win the right praise. She is a widow when we first make her acquaintance, the widow of one Thompson, over whose shop, "established 1813," in the High street of Mallingbridge, she presides in pretty nearly unqualified happiness. Her only child, it is true, is a rather exasperating young woman, but the exasperation is for the reader rather than for Mrs. Thompson. That good soul is too closely occupied with loving her daughter to realize the full extent of the latter's selfishness. And so, as we say, she dwells with joy. She has a genius for shopkeeping and makes heaps of money. She is respected by everybody in the town, and there are certain solid citizens who periodically sue for her hand. Why should she not remain in peace? Well, in that case we should have no story, and therefore we rejoice in the appearance of the villain of the piece, for this means that Mrs. Maxwell has a capital story to tell us, which he is in the very vein to tell.

Mrs. Thompson puts off her widowhood at last, and does this, of course, at the behest of the one man in the world she ought not to marry. Troubles come thick and fast. But does Mrs. Thompson lose her wits? Not a bit of it. She continues, in spirit, to be Mrs. Thompson, which is to say, an individuality too strong to be obliterated by the name of an unworthy second husband, and gloriously do her own works praise her in the gates. Throughout we share the devotion of her town-folk. We are not merely amused by Mrs. Thompson, but we fall in love with her. Fat, fair and forty, after the manner of the proverbial widow, she has a charm which the blindest of brides might envy. Mr. Maxwell deserves high praise for the light, entertaining way in which he has told her story, and even more for the genuine feeling with which he has portrayed her character, making her one of the most sympathetic of recent heroines. Decidedly, this is one of the leading successes of the season.

EAST AND WEST.

THE RED LANTERN. Being the Story of the Goddess of the Red Lantern Light. By E. H. Wherry. 12mo. Pp. 308. The John Lane Company.

This engrossing exotic story of the Boxer war is still another illustration of Kipling's famous lines about East and West. The author, whose knowledge of China and the Chinese we must accept—she certainly convinces her readers of it for the moment—intensifies the mystery by presenting it in the divided perspective of her two leading characters, Chinese Eurasians both, the man wholly given to his mother's ancient race, hating that of his father with a virulence that seeks its extermination; the woman, divided against herself, lured by the West, yet held by the East, the daughter of both in turns, succumbing in the climax to the heredity that is reinforced by the compelling power of environment. It is an interesting part she plays, this Goddess of the Red Lantern, this Joan of Arc of the Boxers, inspired at times, again the tool of her leaders. From the coffin shop of her obscure Chinese uncle she progresses, via a missionary settlement, to the Empress's palace, among the shouts, the acclamations and the horrors of murderous fanaticism. The end is tragedy. Apart from its striking study of this Eurasian woman the story is notable for its vivid pictures of the turmoil of China in and around Peking. A welcome change from the current run of fiction, the book stands apart even among the many tales of China that the West has written in recent years.

YOUTH AND MIDDLE AGE.

YOUNG LIFE. By Jessie Leckie. Herbertson. 12mo. Pp. 344. Dutton & Co.

Publishers' praise of their own wares is likely to be overenthusiastic, a perfectly comprehensible rule to which there are but few exceptions. The "dub" on the slip cover of "Young Life" is one, however. This, it is said, is a story in which a young English girl is left in charge of a friend of her father's, and has some charming love affairs, eventually marrying her guardian. It is all true, so far as it goes, although "charming" is not quite the adjective one would have selected one's self, but the praise unaccountably and unjustly omits all mention of the personality and the emotional adventure of the woman approaching middle age who plays so large a part in this book. Only a few days ago mention was made in these columns of the advent of the woman of forty from Continental into English and American fiction. We have just encountered her once more in "Mrs. Thompson," and here she is again, dealt with in a way which suggests that the author has studied her liken to some purpose. She follows him sanely, from afar. The older woman, too, has her share of "Young Life" again, and it proves her salvation. Therein lie the aptness and the deeper meaning of the title of a good piece of work.

REINCARNATION.

THE GATES OF THE PAST. By Thomas Hunter Vaughan. 12mo. Pp. 284. Brentano's.

The Egyptian gallery of the British Museum is the most likely place in which to find "The Gates of the Past." It is there that the story opens, on a day of London fog. The vision of John Strong, alone there, yet not alone when he awakens from it, is the key to a mystery, which he does not understand when fate makes him an actor in its denouement, delayed for thousands of years. It is a story of love and crime for the sake of it, and of atonement and forgiveness, the two Egyptians of old walking the streets of modern London and taking part in its everyday life, one of them conscious of the far distant past and of the purpose of his reincarnation, the other only remembering through the tale he tells. This story, well invented, and not overburdened with what is currently called "mysticism," is complicated with the modern doings of unimaginative, practical people, while, for good measure, there is an element of egypciens, in order that the atonement may be abundant. The author has certainly not

"Cooking in paper is possible in an ordinary oven by direct heat." Not only upon that verdict but upon countless successful experiments M. Soyer stands, like Richard Wagner upon his principle of the music-drama or like the Wright brothers on the imprugnability of their patents.

Is Poetry "Looking Up"?

It is possible that the English speaking countries we have referred to may yet return to something like their former appreciation of poetry. A declaration signed by many noted names is on the point of issue by the British Poetry Society to the educational authorities of the kingdom. It urges all these authorities "to arrange the curriculum and time table of schools under their charge that poetry, in its widest and best sense, may be recognized as a necessary subject of study; that inducements may be offered for the study, and especially for the intelligent reading of poetry; and that all colleges and training colleges shall institute a chair of poetry."

Enlarging "Lippincott's"

The editor of "Lippincott's Magazine" announces that, beginning with the August number, that periodical will be enlarged in size and that various new features will be added. Fiction in fresh forms will be one of them.

Braswell Bronte.

Mrs. Gaskell is responsible for the unpleasant impression which most readers have retained concerning the brother of the three gifted Brontës. That he was not always the incubus she described may be seen in the talk of an old Yorkshire woman now dead—talk quoted by a correspondent of "T. P.'s Weekly":

From my girlhood for several years I resided with my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, of Fountain street, Manningham Lane, Bradford. At a time when I was twenty-three years of age he came to my house, and there presented many portraits. He was low in stature, about 5 feet 3 inches in height, and slight in build, though well clothed. He had a very high forehead, and came to visit him, but I remember a Mr. Thompson, a painter also, I recollect his sister, Charlotte, who stayed a day, and I believe that was her only visit. They left her on the Keighley coach. I am not aware that his other sisters or his father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, ever came to Mr. Kirby's. It was young Mr. Brontë's practice to go home at each week end, and I remember that, while sometimes he took the coach to Keighley, he on other occasions walked to Haworth across the moors. He was a very steady young gentleman, his conduct was exemplary and he lived two years, and left his estate, to go to a situation as a bookkeeper. He was a very kind and affectionate man, and those of my uncle and aunt, and all three are accounted good likenesses.

On Labor Questions.

It is understood that Mr. John Mitchell, the labor leader, intends to publish a book on all the debated and deeply interesting questions concerning industry and trade unions. He is now giving a series of lectures on these subjects.

MME. MARCELLE TINAYRE Her Latest Study in Feminine Psychology.

Paris, June 23. "La Douceur de Vivre," the new novel by Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, published by Calmann-Lévy, is a vigorous study of feminine psychology, replete with subtle analyses of women's hearts and of fresh and delightful descriptions of Naples and Pompeii. Mme. Tinayre is a sort of Fanny-Latour among French writers of fiction. She does much more than hold a looking glass before nature. Although "Omar" would rather pore over the immortal verses in an easily handled, inexpensive edition.

A Nineteenth Century Tragedy.

The terrible experience of the Donner expedition across the plains to California, in 1846—dealt with by Bret Hartre in his most ambitious book—has been described by one of its members, who was then a child, Mrs. Eliza P. Donner Houghton is a daughter of George Donner, the leader of the party. She has told the story in a volume which, under the title of "The Expedition of the Donner Party and Its Tragic Fate," A. C. McClurg will publish in the autumn.

Tolstoy's Estate.

Tolstoy's home, Yasnaya Polyana, has been purchased by the Russian government for \$250,000. The effort to sell it to Americans failed—as it was bound to do, for there is no extraordinary enthusiasm for Tolstoy in this country. It is amusing to read this grotesque comment in the London "Globe":

"There is no doubt that had the Americans acquired the property they would have run it for all it was worth. We should have had pilgrimages to Tolstoy's home, and all that sort of thing which has been very inconvenient to the Russian government; so by state purchase this difficulty has been obviated."

A New Review.

The quarterly known as "The Yale Review" will pass out of existence next October, and its place will be taken by a new periodical bearing the same name but covering a much wider field. It will discuss current topics in science, history, politics, public affairs, literature and the arts. It aspires to represent American thought at its best. Professor Wilbur L. Cross is to be its editor.

Senatorial Reminiscences.

Senator Culom, of Illinois, has prepared a volume of his recollections of public life, and it will be published by McClurg. It ought to be full of entertainment, for its author has known Washington in its most picturesque and exciting periods. An intimate history of those periods must always be of value. The title of Mr. Culom's book is to be "Fifty Years of Public Service."

A New Novel.

The author of a novel which had some vogue in its day under the title of "Bob, Son of Battle," has written a new story which is mentioned for publication in the autumn. To this book Mr. Ollivant has given the suggestive title of "The Taming of John Blunt."

De Morgan and His Work.

A letter addressed by Mr. William de Morgan to an American correspondent is published in the Chicago "Daily." He says in the course of this epistle: "I have in vain besought many interviewers to invent whatever they like about me, but not to bother me for data. What earthly use is a substratum of fact?" In another paragraph he says: "You are quite right in accounting 'J. Vance' my best work, and I am satisfied that it will remain so. The conditions under which it was written can never recur. I am encumbered now not only with my reports with criticism, but even more—by the constant question, 'Have I or have I not written all this before?' My memory of what I have written is unclouded, and it does not do for a writer to repeat himself."

THE STOLEN DUCHESS A New Chapter in the History of Gainsborough's Painting.

The last chapter has apparently not yet been written about the adventures of the famous "Stolen Duchess" by Gainsborough. Her portrait, which is now in the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's London mansion. Her very identity is now in danger of being challenged by the rival claims of a twin sister, who is now in the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's London mansion. Her very identity is now in danger of being challenged by the rival claims of a twin sister, who is now in the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's London mansion.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's picture is traditionally supposed to represent Gainsborough's daughter, the first Earl Spencer and first wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, of whom there is an authentic earlier portrait by Gainsborough. The "stolen" picture was first identified as the possession of an old schoolmistress, from whom it was bought in 1841 by Mr. John Bentley for a trifling sum. Already at that time it had been cut down to fit a smaller picture, and it was this smaller picture which passed into the hands of Mr. Wynn Ellis, at whose death it was sold at Christie's in 1875 for the then sensational price of 10,100 guineas. The purchaser, a Mr. Morgan, bought it the night of May 1876. Unknown hands cut the picture out of its frame and removed it from the Bond street gallery. All efforts to trace the thieves remained fruitless until Mr. Morgan Agnew proceeded to Chicago in 1901, and was handed the long-lost treasure at the Auditorium Hotel, in that city. The picture was subsequently exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair, and was acquired, it is said, for \$25,000 by its present owner, Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

The picture at Messrs. Spink's gallery is practically identical with the "stolen" one, but includes the portions which Mr. Morgan's portrait lost in the course of its removal. It is a reproduction of his portrait, which was painted in 1787, and is signed "Gainsborough, 1787." It is a reproduction of his portrait, which was painted in 1787, and is signed "Gainsborough, 1787." It is a reproduction of his portrait, which was painted in 1787, and is signed "Gainsborough, 1787."

The gift was accompanied by an engraving of the picture, and a list of one hundred impressions of it, all of which were mysteriously stolen soon afterward and never recovered. According to John Foster's recollection, his father told him that the picture was painted by Gainsborough about 1778 for a Duchess of Devonshire during that year. Perhaps the first of the pictures was painted by Gainsborough about 1778 for a Duchess of Devonshire during that year. Perhaps the first of the pictures was painted by Gainsborough about 1778 for a Duchess of Devonshire during that year.

And now comes the most significant part of this astounding story. The Duke of Devonshire, who had allowed to exhibit, but this copy he never finished, and only painted the figure, leaving the background in a sketchy condition. He never exhibited the picture, as he said he could not part with it for so many months, and would always have it to look at.

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FLOWERS.

Althea Giles, in The London Saturday Review. "Brighten your eyes upon their beauty! Your heart upon their beauty! Feed, O soul, Upon their beauty! Surely they are more lovely than King Solomon. No scroll With blazoned letters and no clarion voice Shall tell their Master's Will with more truth— How He would have each child of earth rejoice, In an immortal youth. The Sun shines on them, rains fall, and winds blow, And they rejoice in winds, and Sun, and showers. Why art thou weep?—Consider how they are not our life as lovely as a flower? Gather their gladness, Soul, and heart, To crown our lives; until we even as Beloved of Beauty—Heirs of Paradise—Abide in Joy, in the Divine To-day."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ART. LAURENCE BODIN. Entitled "Les Beaux-Arts de la France," 12mo. Pp. 216. (Paris: Flammarion.)

BIOGRAPHY. RUSKIN. A Study in Personality. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 12mo. Pp. 18. 22d. (Christopher Putnam's Sons.)

THE LIFE OF GIOVIO VASARI. A Study of the Later Renaissance in Italy. By Robert W. Gifford. A. R. W. 12mo. Pp. 307. (Holt & Co.)

EDUCATIONAL. BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Edited by J. H. Gardner. Formerly at New York University. See "The Pilgrim's Progress." 12mo. Pp. 217. (Henry Holt & Co.)

FICTION. THE STORY OF QUAMIN. A Tale of the Tropics. By K. H. St. John. 12mo. Pp. 314. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

HISTORY. THE PUBLIC LIFE OF JOSEPH DUDLEY. A Study of the Colonial Period in New England. By J. H. Munroe. 12mo. Pp. 314. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

MISCELLANEOUS. HALF A MAN. The Status of the Negro in America. By Mary White O'Leary. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE GOOD OLD DAYS. By Charles Whistler. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

POETRY AND DRAMA. THE COUNTRY BY THE SEA. A Book of Verse. By Henry Robinson Palmer. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

REPRINTS. JUNCO TRAILS AND JUNCO PEOPLE. A Story of the West. By Charles Whistler. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

OLD CLOCK AND WATCHES AND THEIR REPAIR. A History of the Clock and Watchmaking. By Charles Whistler. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE HISTORY OF THE FOURTH. A History of the Fourth. By Charles Whistler. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

LINKS IN MY LIFE ON LAND AND SEA. A History of the Links in My Life. By Charles Whistler. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

SURGEON'S FOOT BADLY HURT. A History of the Surgeon's Foot. By Charles Whistler. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Dr. Faxton Eugene Gardner Victim of Streetcar Accident. A History of the Streetcar Accident. By Charles Whistler. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Boatman Prevents Playful Scuffle from Ending Fatally. A History of the Boatman's Scuffle. By Charles Whistler. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

RESCUE BOY FROM RIVER. A History of the Rescue Boy. By Charles Whistler. 12mo. Pp. 212. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

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THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES IN THE UNITED STATES. BY CHARLES R. VAN HISE. Inquire at any bookstore.

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MAY END HERESY CASE

Accused Reformed Pastor Has United with the Unitarians.

Pittsburg, July 7.—The Rev. John H. Dietrich, who resigned the pastorate of St. Mark's Reformed Church when the alleged heresy charges were made, has decided to unite with the Unitarian Church. Mr. Dietrich, who had been a member of the Unitarian Church, has decided to unite with the Unitarian Church. Mr. Dietrich, who had been a member of the Unitarian Church, has decided to unite with the Unitarian Church.

MUNICIPAL BUILDING HALTS

Hitch in Supply of Stonework Appears to Be Serious.

There has been some hitch in the stonework for the new municipal building, and the contractor, Mr. O'Keefe, who had contracted for the stonework, has decided to halt the work. The contractor, Mr. O'Keefe, who had contracted for the stonework, has decided to halt the work. The contractor, Mr. O'Keefe, who had contracted for the stonework, has decided to halt the work.

Old Skipper Was Famous for Yarns of Fishing Banks.

Captain "Al" Foster, owner and skipper of the famous fishing boat, the Al Foster, who had been a member of the Unitarian Church, has decided to unite with the Unitarian Church. Captain "Al" Foster, owner and skipper of the famous fishing boat, the Al Foster, who had been a member of the Unitarian Church, has decided to unite with the Unitarian Church.

JAKE SHARP WITNESS DEAD

Charles B. Waite Aided Prosecution in Boodie Aldermen Case.

Charles B. Waite, who as a witness helped prosecute the "boodie" aldermen for selling their votes to "Jake" Sharp for the Broadway railroad franchise, in 1884, died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Brook Avenue and 143d street, from the heat yesterday. He was sixty years old.

MR. SULLOWAY NOT INJURED

Congressman's House Struck by Lightning While He Was Ill in Bed. Manchester, N. H., July 7.—Congressman Cyrus A. Sulloway, who had to be assisted from his bed to a neighbor's house yesterday when his home was struck by lightning and badly damaged by the fire which followed, suffered no ill effects from the incident. He was able to-day to visit his headquarters and thank the firemen for saving his house from complete destruction.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

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